

Fates Collection

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Summary: Reader / Corrin x Fates Characters. Each chapter will detail a different character. Every male character will have two stories (gender neutral Conquest and gender neutral Birthright) and every female character will have four (male reader and female reader for each game). Smut.

1. Leo Lust: Conquest

You look at Leo, sitting across the dinner table from you. You place your hands shyly in your lap and give a small, hasty massage to quiet your needs for a moment. Xander is still speaking, and Leo, like everyone else at the moment, is facing him at the head of the table. But not you. Your sinful, greedy eyes rest upon the curvature of Leo's jawline. They feast on the imaginary action of the clothes sliding off of his body. You are ashamed, but you have always felt so geared towards him. You would never tell your other siblings, but sometimes, you and Leo would sneak off to experiment. Luckily, Silas taught you almost everything you needed to know when you were small children. Your stolen kisses and frequent touching weigh heavy on your hazy mind, and you wish desperately to escape somewhere quiet with Leo once more. You know you're more caught up in this than he is, but your little brother just gets you so worked up. You know he shouldn't. You feel so guilty, and yet your guilt stems more...from the fact that you don't feel guilty. You feel bad for not feeling bad enough. It's impure to feel so strongly for your brother. But you see him so infrequently. And he kisses so softly. And you just love him dearly. And you want him badly, so badly, so intimately. He makes it seem so natural and right, as though you weren't siblings at all.

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><p>You suppress your shock. The high prince of Hoshido, and your birth mother " the queen of Hoshido, has told you some of the wildest news to have ever graced your ears. You feel suddenly overwhelmed and yet...relieved. The news is so much to take in.<p>

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><p>Your mother is dead and you have powers beyond common comprehension. A dragon? A great, ancient, astral dragon's blood runs through your veins. You are in awe and amazed. Takumi glares at you scornfully, and scoffs before turning away from you. A knot forms in your stomach and you think about Leo. You miss him, as well as your other siblings. Takumi really reminds you of him.<p>

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><p>You have chosen Nohr. You could never betray your family and side with strangers, regardless of their story and cause. You know your path and cause are wholesome and good, and though guilt weighs heavy on you, you know this is the way to avoid more casualties than this war could ever be worth. You apologize more times than you can count. You wish you could hug Sakura and Hinoka and explain to them why this is the way it has to be. You fight on the battlefield.<p>

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><p>After several exhausting trials, you're spent. You settle in your bed to read a novel Leo picked for you ages ago just in time for a tap tap tap at your door. You call for them to enter, but to no reply. Heaving a sigh, you set your book on the nightstand and make your way to the door. Upon opening it, your lips are met forcefully and you are pushed back several steps into your chambers. The door closes behind the two of you and you shove your assaulter away, only to be greeted with a shy smile on the face of your little brother. "L-Leo?!" You want to yell, but you only manage a loud whisper. He held up a book. "I've another for you to read, if you're really going to be taking up studying." He said, making his way to set the book on the nightstand. "But...it looks like you aren't making much progress, are you?" He jeered. You frown and make your way over to him, snatching both books from his grasp. "I don't need to be chided by the likes of you. You're my little brother, by the way." You remind him, as his head stands just two inches below your own. He scoffs. "I've missed you." He laid a cold hand upon your shoulder, and started leaning in for a kiss. You meet him in the middle and your lips lock for a few moments before you pull away. He frowns and crosses his arms. "Is something the matter?" He asks. "You aren't acting like yourself. I thought you'd be happy to see me."

>"I'm ecstatic, Leo. I'm just...tired. Father has me doing his bidding this way and that, forth and back, never leaving me a chance to rest. I have another mission even by dawn. I can't be fooling around behind closed doors with you when I've so much responsibility thrust upon me so suddenly."
"Oh, of course. First Camilla, then Xander, now Father, too? Does everyone have to favor you so highly?" Leo spat. You frowned and furrowed your brow.

>"You seem to think pretty highly of me, for one so full of venom about me. Xander and Camilla don't kiss me, or sneak around to fool with me. Only you do that, Leo." With those words, Leo's face reddened. With embarrassment or anger, it was hard to tell.
"L-Listen. I'm not here to fight. In fact, I'm here for the opposite." Leo sighed. You gave him a puzzled look and he sighed. "You said you haven't had a break or any time to relax lately? Let me give you a little relaxation." "What?" You ask, still confused. He gives an exasperated sigh, "You're really so dull for one as brilliant as you are." He sits on the edge of your bed and pats his

lap. You move towards him, still unsure of what exactly he wants you to do.

>"Am I going to have to spell it all out for you?" He teased, reaching for your waist and pulling you closer. He pulls you down to have you sitting next to him, but uses too much force and the two of you fall backwards. You both laugh a little, and he smiles at you before leaning into you for a kiss. This kiss is longer and slower than before, and causes the feeling of the blush in your face to fade and faintly reappear between your thighs. He pulls away from the kiss and stares at you for a moment before speaking softly. "I assume you're now aware...that we are not blood siblings?" He inquires. You nod, half a smile on your face. He nods and smiles back, then kisses you again. And again. You both move every now and then, and before you're totally aware of it, Leo is lying on top of you, kissing you deeply but still ever so gently. You can feel his arousal through his pants, and it makes you almost nervous. You'd kissed each other before, and you'd touched one another before, but this time was different. This time, you feel how badly he needs it.<p>

And you know how badly you need it for yourself.

You run your fingers through his hair and he works at sliding your top off. He does a smooth and magnificent job, and you return the favor. You start kissing on his neck and collar bone as he works at taking off your pants. You notice the definition and depth of his shoulders and arms, realizing that he's stronger now than you had realized. Your train of thought is lost as he starts rubbing you. He smirks with each gasping intake of breath and every moan that escapes your lips. "L-Leo!" You call out, needing more stimulation. "Yes?" He purrs. He leans over and kisses you, not ceasing the motion of his hand between your legs. You moan into his lips and nip at his neck. He smiles and goes faster, stealing your breath before he stops abruptly. You pant, and meet his gaze. "What is it that you want to do?" He half-whispers, half-pants. You motion him over, and he straddles you to get closer. You sit up and begin undoing his trousers, and his flushed face turns even redder. "Wh-what?! No!" He pulls away from you and covers up more. "What? Leo, it isn't...it isn't like we've never done emanything/em." You coax. He shakes his head. "I don't think I've ever been so aroused. If we remove my breeches, I may not be able to control myself. I want to be inside you so badly." He looked away and mumbled the last part in a voice barely audible. "I want you inside me, too, Leo." You respond, resting your hands on the waistband of his pants. He looks at you with surprise, and you nod. "I have for a lot longer than I probably should have. I used to think about it constantly, but with this war, I'd forgotten. But in this moment...Leo, it's all I can think about. I want it so badly. I need you. I need you inside me, I need you to pound me until we're both relieved of all these years of pent-up self control. I want you to melt inside me, Leo. I want you all to myself." You don't hesitate to say everything on your mind, but your heart is in your stomach and your hands feel shaky from all the admission you hung in the atmosphere. After a few more moments of silence, Leo responds. "S-sorry. That's got me even more worked up than before...it was so attractive to hear you say that. I'm...sorry to have made you wait." He rests over you as if he were doing a pushup on top of you, and he " rather gracelessly " slides his pants off. He then rests the warmth of his aching member on you and meets your hips with his. He gasps quietly at the contact, then kisses you softly. You put your hand on his face and kiss back with just a little more force. This causes a reaction, a back and forth

contest of who can kiss stronger. This sets the tone and mood even more, and as you find yourselves hot and panting from all the kissing, you pause and he lines up with your entrance.

"You're...totally sure...we can do this?" He gives a worried look to you as he speaks his line between panting breaths. You nod and he nods, and then he pushes slowly and gently at your entrance. He continues to stretch and relieve you little by little "almost agonizingly slowly. A barrage of soft moans escape him as he slightly moves forth and back to loosen you up just a bit more.

Then, with a defined thrust, you gasp, and it starts. He thrusts into you repeatedly, rhythmically. You wrap your arms around his neck and breathe heavily, moans escaping your lips and breath brushing his ear. He whispers sweet nothings and light dirty talk into your ear, telling you how good you are, how attractive and soft and warm. His pace picks up and his moans increase in volume, but then he slows and stops. Your aching needs unmet, you look at him with distaste. He smiles, wiping a few strands of sweat-soaked hair from his forehead. "I'm not finished, if that's what that look is about. Turn over." He spoke, his voice lower than normal. You nod and obey his command, surprised at how in control he is. Once turned over, he pushes into you once more and returns to the previous pace. It feels ten times as good now, your body aching and vocal chords acting of their own accord. You feel so amazing. It's so stimulating and warm, and you feel yourself getting closer and closer to your limit. He grabs onto your waist and gets further in, deeper and harder and faster. He's calling your name and his moans are uncontrollable and husky and low, like growls. His thrusts are getting sloppier and you know he's almost there. So are you. "Just a little longer, Leo." You beg. He nods and leans over your back, kissing you from an awkward angle as he continues to thrust. You feel yourself reaching your edge, and suddenly you shudder as he happens to hit your spot just in time. A few strong thrusts later, and he releases into you, his heat pouring in as he rides out the last few moments of his orgasm. He pulls out and lies down next to you, putting an arm around you. You smile at each other, and hold each other in your arms.

Finally, you belong to one another.

2. Leo Lust: Birthright

You meet Leo in the library, where he is patiently awaiting you while he reads one of his novels "probably an ancient tome of magic. He hasn't noticed you yet, as he is deeply enthralled in the words on the pages, so you inch closer. As soon as you are just before him, he looks up, and a smirk grows on his face. He closes the book and sets it aside. "You took your time in getting here today." He scoffed. You take a seat in his lap, wrapping your arms around his neck and lacing your fingers in his hair. "Sorry to have kept you waiting." You purr. He looks up into your eyes with a needy haze over them, and you smile and lean into his lips. His hands slide under the fabric of your shirt and his fingernails scrape at the skin of your waist. You put more weight into the kiss and pull his hair. He grunts approval at this, and you smile into his mouth. Your tongues intertwine before you start trying to take the lead from him, and he fights for dominance against you. One of his hands finds its way into your hair, and begins pulling. You give light moans to the sensations of the pull and the pressure in your hips, which cause Leo to smile and pull away from the kiss. He lifts your shirt off in one fluid motion, and

begins kissing and biting your neck, leaving hickies in his wake and causing your breathing to pick up pace. He begins fondling, kissing, and licking your nipples, taking turns and giving attention to both sides. The stimulation is wonderful, and your breath hitches. You release several moans before you unlace one of your hands from Leo's blonde locks and reach for his groin. You rub and grab through his pants, and his breath hitches as he gasps. His thighs tense and his hips push into your palm. His voice gets lower. You smile seductively and look into his eyes as your fingers dance at the waistband of his pants. He looks at you longingly, and just as your hand slips under the fabric, the door to the library squeals open. Both of your eyes grow wide and you scramble to replace your top. Grabbing a book blindly from the shelf, you rush into the chair across from Leo and open it up, pretending to read. Xander rounds the corner and laughs. "The two brains of our army, bonding by reading together. How did I know I'd find the both of you here?" He stopped and said, crossing his arms and looking over them approvingly. He strode away after a few moments, probably looking for some texts for Father.

>You stare at Leo, reading in the old velvet chair across from you. You admire the few wisps of hair dangling into his eyes, not quite used to his disheveled appearance yet. The blush on his face hadn't settled yet, and your breath was almost back to normal. You remember the feeling of his hair tangling between your fingers. The two of you lock eyes and you both start to giggle, like two children just caught with hands in the desserts. Xander passes by again, giving a questioning glance at the two of you laughing with each other before leaving the library and shutting the door behind him. You feel moderately guilty under your laughter, knowing that Xander almost caught you straddling your younger brother yet again. If any of the others knew the things you and Leo snuck around to do, you'd probably never see him again.<p>

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><p>Your eyes grow wide in surprise as Mikoto embraces you. You've just discovered that she, and the crown prince of Hoshido, are your real family. That you were kidnapped and brought to Nohr. That the family you've known all your life was never your family at all. You hug the queen in return and tears well up in your eyes. It's unbelievable; yet, you believe her.<p>

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><p>Your mother is dead, and you are incredibly pissed off. A massive headache grows from within, and suddenly your anger wells up into an entirely new form. When the redness of your rage subsides, you look around at the damage you've done and realize your own power. Ancient dragon blood pumps through your very veins. As if you needed any more strange news today.<p>

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><p>You are on the battlefield, and you know what you must do. Xander must have known all along, and you feel betrayed " but more importantly, you know what your father has been doing to ruthlessly damage the lives of not only your birth family, but innocent residents of Hoshido. You side with Hoshido, and the family you've always known is appalled. Leo's face is full of scorn as you battle with your blood siblings and turn the armies of Nohr out of Hoshido.<p>

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><p>It's been several weeks since you've sided with Hoshido. Takumi still scoffs at you and coldly turns away. His attitude and demeanor remind you greatly of Leo, and you miss him dearly. Sometimes, you just have to settle for nights of pleasing yourself, despite the loneliness you feel when you have to do it alone. Tonight feels like it's going to be another one of those nights as you shut the door to your quarters. You settle into bed after changing out of your general armor and start to rub your thighs. Just as you're feeling aroused, there's a quiet shuffling outside the door of your quarters. You pause and listen, surprised to hear the door open slowly and click shut after a few moments. You sit up as gentle footsteps tap towards you. "Who's there?" You call out defiantly. You hear a crackling noise and suddenly you're face to face with a fistful of fire magic. The strange lighting changed the appearance of Leo's face. You make a surprised sound. "Leo? What are you doing here?" You manage to say, and he extinguishes the flame. His lips meet yours forcefully. "You've been naughty." His voice is huskier than you're used to. He pushes you back onto the bed and brings up the flames again. "I'm disappointed in you. Now, I have no choice but to punish you." He growled. He bit his lip and looked you over before getting up and lighting several candles around your bedroom. "What...what are you planning to do as punishment? Will you kill me? Did Father send you?" You inquire, halfway scared and halfway bothered. He chuckles in response. "You wish it were so simple, but no. I'm here of my own volition. I'll punish you however I see fit." He extinguished the flame in his palm once more, now only visible by the candlelight. "What does that mean?" You ask. He strides over to the bed, and just as he reaches the foot, he pulls off his shirt. You stare, bewildered. "I've missed you dearly, you see. You've left me so deprived." He climbs into bed and over top of you, leaning down and kissing your neck. Your breath hitches. "You're going to wish you were dead by the time I'm finished with you. You'll beg for mercy and relief." He whispered into the crevice of your shoulder. He got up again, and went to a corner of the room where he had set his bag. He pulled out rope and a tome of some sort. Walking back towards you, he smiled and opened the book, quietly chanting something under his breath. He sets the book on the nightstand and crawls back into bed, rope in hand. He straddles you and takes your arms up over your head forcefully, beginning to restrain them with rope. You find yourself unable to move. "What are you doing? Why can't I move?" You ask. "I cast some freeze magic on you, it will wear off soon. That's why I'm restraining you." He smiles as he ties your bound wrists to the headboard. He pulls the covers off of you and slides your shirt up. "L-Leo!" You start wriggling beneath him, trying to pull your hands free. He laughs and looks you over with a seductive haze in his eyes. He leans over and kisses you forcefully yet again, grabbing your chin and pulling your face more into the kiss. He bites your bottom lip and pulls at it, the sensation causing you to give a quiet moan. Still smiling, he starts sliding down your pants. He rubs gently at the top of your thighs, not quite your crotch. You buck a little as you find yourself becoming more aroused. "Leo! We haven't seen each other in ages...can't we talk? Shouldn't we slow down?" You plead. He slowly shakes his head left and right as he leans in and kisses at your neck and shoulders. He bites and sucks on your neck, going down your collar bone and chest and working his way to your nipples. He massages one tenderly while he sucks on the other. You moan and your back arches every now and then from the stimulation. He continues

traveling down your body. He's going agonizingly slow. He starts licking you, teasing and stimulating you where you need it most. As your thighs shake and you near your limit, he stops. He looks over you again and smiles devilishly. After a few moments to allow you to settle down, he starts rubbing and stroking you, playing around between your legs. Your breath picks up pace and you start to rock your hips in rhythm with his touch. After a few minutes, he slides two fingers into you, causing you to gasp. He teases and rubs and pumps in and out of you, smiling as he watches your face contort with pleasure. You moan gratuitously, his pace steady and unchanging. He refuses to go any faster, despite your approving moans.

"Leo...please...please give me more." You beg, panting. He chuckles and removes his fingers. He flips you over and straddles you, then leans in close to your ear. "I told you I'd punish you however I see fit." He whispers into your ear. He slaps your ass, causing you to exclaim in surprise. He tangles his fingers in your hair and pulls, smacking your ass again. You gasp and, to your surprise, moan. He lets go of your hair and ceases straddling you. He grabs your ass and pushes up on it, squeezing and playing with it. He pushes you up until you're on your knees. You hear shuffling behind you, and you look over your shoulder to see him removing his breeches. "Oh, sneaking a peek?" He chided, smacking your ass again. You yell again and your head snaps back around to face the headboard. He massages you from behind, slipping two fingers inside once again. He moves in and out slowly, working you at a steady pace. You start rocking back into his hand, trying to get a deeper feeling. He pulls his hand away and you rock a few times into empty space before whimpering. You look back over your shoulder, your face flushed. "Leo, please. Please relieve me. I want it so badly." You pant. He slaps your ass hard.

"Why would I do what you ask? Did you forget that this is a punishment for leaving me?" He growls. You whimper and face the headboard again. He rams himself into you, a loud gasp escaping you in response. He grabs your waist and starts thrusting into you, hard and sloppily. One hand leaves your waist and digs into your hair, pulling your head back. He's fucking you so hard and fast, it feels amazing. With each thrust, you moan and your breath hitches. He starts moaning and grunting in response. He leans over you and grabs your shoulders, kissing your neck and back. "Oh gods...Oh gods..." His hot breath brushes your neck and his thighs shake. With two more strong thrusts, he moans loudly and releases inside you. He pulls out quickly, giving you no satisfaction. You moan a protest, but it's cut short by Leo flipping you over again. He's stroking his half hard member, and straddling you again. He sits you up and unties you from the bed, then pushes you off the bed and onto the floor. He still has the ropes in his hands. "What the hell was that for?! Damn..." You say as you start to sit up. In one hand he holds the rest of the ropes binding your wrists behind your back, and the other reaches out and grabs your hair, pulling you to him. He sits on the edge of the bed, resting his legs on either of your shoulders. "I want you to suck until I'm dry." He commands. Your eyes meet his and you know he's serious, so while you rest on your knees, you start to lick the length of his arousal. He leans his head back and moans. You put the tip in your mouth and circle it with your tongue, making him shudder in response. You start to bob your head back and forth, up and down his shaft. His hips buck into you once, causing you to choke on him before he shivers and cums in your throat. He stands up, out of your mouth now, and leans over to kiss you. He undoes your wrist bindings, and you stand up with him. He mutters something under his breath, and shoves you back onto the bed, topping you again. "One more time, for both of us. Does that sound fair?" He whispered breathlessly into

your ear. You nod willingly, still unsatisfied and aching for more. He kisses you hard, his tongue exploring your mouth and his hands wandering your body, squeezing your ass and clawing at your back. He reaches down and starts rubbing you, causing your breath to hitch yet again and for your kiss to be broken. You breathe and moan into his mouth, which is still open from the kiss. You reach down and start stroking him in return. You both tease like this for a few minutes, breathing and moaning into each others' mouths for a time. Then he lines up with your entrance, and he pushes in. You inhale sharply, and he takes this opportunity to steal a sloppy, hot kiss from you. He rocks into you slowly, rolling his hips into yours and moaning into your mouth again. He starts kissing your neck, pausing to grunt every now and then. You moan loudly with each hard thrust, his pace slowly picking up. He stops and pulls out, making your longing even greater. You sit up abruptly and look at him with disdain. "I'm not finished!" You protest. He laughs and sits against the headboard. "I'm tired. Finish yourself." He shrugs. You hesitate for only half a second before straddling him and filling yourself with him again. His eyes widen with surprise as you start bouncing up and down on him, the glossy look of arousal glazing his eyes over again. He moans and grabs your waist, pushing you down sometimes. You moan and breathe heavily as you move, his twitching dick filling you with warm pleasure. He kisses and plays with your nipples again, sometimes kissing your collar bone and other parts of your chest, leaving hickies here and there. He starts moaning and nearing his limit. Which is good, because you are finally getting some satisfaction for yourself as well. You moan and wrap your arms around him, continuing to bounce and grind against him. You begin kissing again. With six more rolling grind, a wash of orgasmic pleasure seizes you and you moan loudly into Leo's mouth. He isn't far behind as he fills you up one more time.

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><p>The next morning, you wake up with a start. You look around; no sign of Leo. You look yourself over â€" your bed looks normal, your clothes are on. Nothing seems out of place. You then notice a book left on your nightstand, and reach for it. When you open it, a note falls out and Leo's all-too-familiar handwriting spells out "you look wonderful covered in my bruises." Your face flushes and you stand, walking to the wardrobe to inspect yourself in the mirror. You lift your shirt only a little to reveal a dozen or more hickies.<p>

End
file.